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a guide to CITS fm 102 cable 100 · AUG 1986 · FREE



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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR fm102 cable100
August 1986 • Vol. 4/No. 7

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Calling All Emily Carr Dropouts

Dear Airhead,

The *Discorder* covers of the last year have progressively decreased in taste and judgement, to the point of convincing those unwary of its contents that it is a quasi-bourgeois sports rock-rag put together by tasteless, no-time-for-talent "students." In a city full of Emily Carr dropouts, you should be able to commission each month a real cover, one that will intrigue, stimulate, and in some cases, beguile the unwary into picking up and even reading "this" mag from CITR.

R. Bucky Fuller

The gauntlet has been dropped. Just for the record, *Discorder* is always interested in receiving cover submissions from Emily Carr dropouts, or anyone else for that matter. Photos, illustrations, paintings, sculptures (no performance art, please) should be designed to fit into a space 8"H x 7 3/8"W. Send your submission to:

Discorder Cover Club
6138 SUB Blvd., UBC
Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2A5

Confused

Dear Airhead,

I'm confused. The other night I walked past the Channel One Klub and a group of people hanging around were laughing and making fun of my clothes (jeans and a D.O.A. shirt). My hair was wet from the shower and I had no makeup on. I am capable of sticking my hair out in all directions. I have some black clothes and I even have black eyeliner, but when I go to the corner store I don't dress up.

Is it becoming necessary to make sure anyone in a 2-block

radius knows I'm into the punk scene, so they can point at me and say to their pals "Ooooh. Radical," or are the days of being yourself over? Life is not a fashion show, although a lot of people may believe that. I'm not a yuppie secretary or a skin-head, but something in between. I just find it irritating to be made fun of by people who I can blend in with at a punk gig, but not when I go to the 7-Eleven.

Signed
small hair

P.S. By the way, I vote against Skinny Puppy.

In answer to your questions: yes, yes, and it is so (a fashion show, that is).

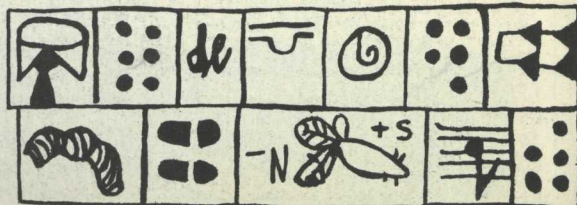
Notes From Nepean

Dear Airhead,

I think your rag is really great. My brother, a Vancouver native, faithfully sends me *Discorder* in my monthly care package. Also, I'd like to warn anyone against visiting Ottawa. We do have one good radio station, CKCU, but mild success has apparently swelled their alternative heads. There is, however, a thriving underground scene, but a lack of venues to play in and sporadic support keeps it very subterranean. Not only is Ottawa dead, as one of your journalists once observed, it's rigormortised and civil service maggots have long since removed the flesh and bone of our once fair city.

On your June issue; couldn't you have found a picture of Di biting the pavement after she passed out? Sorry, royalty doesn't pass out, they swoon. Oh, and about Expo, why doesn't someone just tow it out into the harbour and sink it?

David Davidson
Nepean, Ontario



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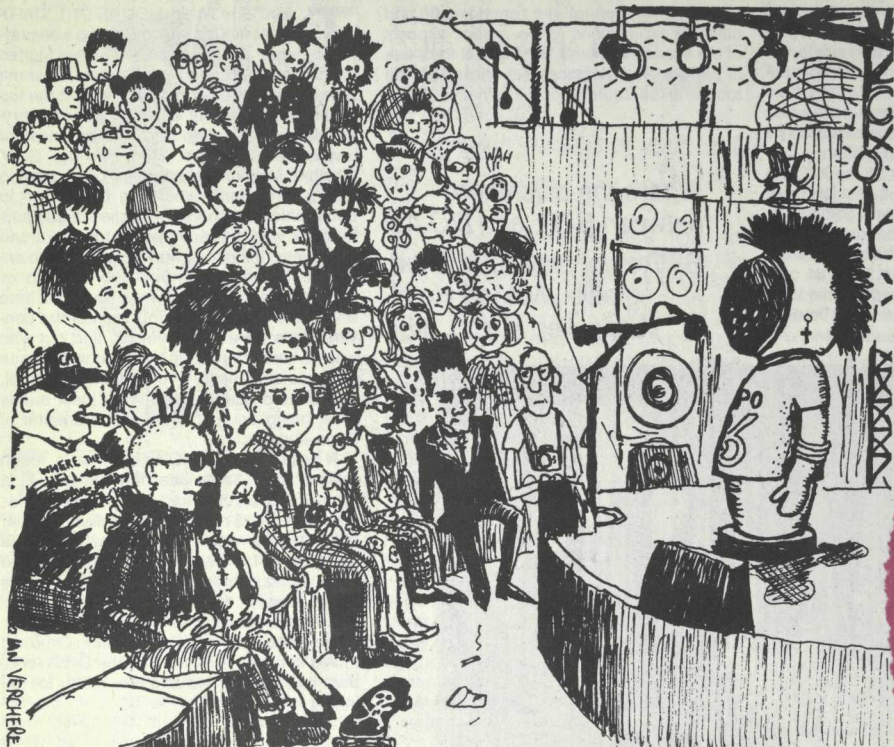
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Kandace Kerr looks through the gate at the Festival of Independent Recording Artists

Illustration:
Ian Verchere

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WRITE THIS piece for some months now. At the time the issue of local bands playing at Expo seemed very important. Now it all seems somewhat passe.

Now that Expo is three months old we've all sort of adjusted to it. I say sort of, because something of that scale will continue to disrupt our lives for years. We will pay and pay till our ears bleed. You see, I'm not convinced that Expo is what the province needed—or wanted, for that matter. Did anyone ask us if we wanted to invite the world?

A lot of Expo boosters are now whining the blues. Some stores have laid off staff, newly hired in the euphoria of an expected Expo boom. Some hotels still have lots of rooms, would-be landlords have empty Expo suites, shows are losing business and the Interior tourist trade is taking a beating. Come November, when 15,000 Expo workers get their last paycheck, it'll take hours to get through the front door of your local UIC office, not to mention weeks to get in to see someone. Imagine the unemployment rate come December.

So it's not someone else's lost profit margin that keeps me from passing through the Expo gates. It's things like welfare rates, frozen at \$350 for the past few years. It's people sleeping in the streets, under the viaduct, two blocks from the main Expo gate. It's hotels

evicting long-time residents in favour of a quick tourist buck fix. It's fitting justice that those same hotels are now being boycotted, and that tourists are seeing them for the rat-traps they really are. It's two friends dying as a result of Expo—one because he was evicted, and another because he could no longer find the silence and solace he needed in a world filled with Scream Machines and 24-hour noise. It's money being taken from social programs and social services to build giant hockey sticks, and to blow off in a 20-minute pyrotechnic masturbatory splurt every night. It's a celebration of everything that capitalism stands for: its exploitation ("gee, \$3.50 an hour? I'd LOVE the job"), its greed ("McDonald's stands for everything Expo stands for" —Jim Pattison) and it's here until November. Am I having fun yet?

Now, into the middle of it all, comes a week of local independent bands.

Punxpo. That's the insider's name for FIRA, the Festival of Independent Recording Artists, being held at the Xerox International Theatre (XIT) between August 4 and August 10. Seventeen bands, two bands a night, some days three, non-threatening music that mom and dad won't feel bad about leaving Expo'd-out and ankle biters and out-of-town big hairs to graze on.

The big question is: would YOU pay \$20 to see Poisoned? (or insert your fave local band here _____).

IN THE EARLY DAYS EVERYONE WAS running to jump into the Expo handcart.

The arts community held meetings early last spring to ensure they wouldn't be crushed by the weight of the world festival and other Expo entertainment. There was fear of companies and theatres collapsing. Regular events like the Folk Festival and the Children's Festival seemed to be in jeopardy. It stood to reason that the local music scene would get nervous too. With clubs operating on the Expo site, local venues would be given a run for their money. It was feared there would be a real drought as Expo sucked in all the business. A few local acts, like Herald Nix and the Crimpolines, had been signed to play at various Expo sites, but by and large the local music scene, like the local theatre community, had been ignored.

*I'll be a big noise with all
the big boys
there's so much stuff I will
own
and I will pray to a big god
and I kneel in the big church
Peter Gabriel "Big Time"*

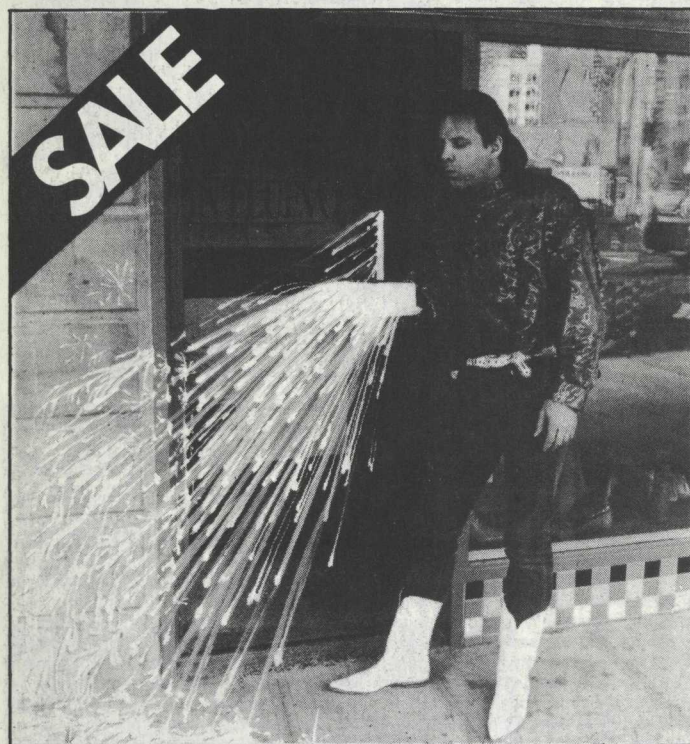
So a group of local music industry people—promoters, managers and writers and programmers—approached Expo with a proposal to include more independent musicians in the then-unconfirmed lineup. They argued there was a lot happening in the local scene that should be highlighted and showcased. Expo agreed, and FIRA was set in motion.

Myra Davies, a supervisor at the XIT, the eventual site of FIRA, recalls it as a long process. "We had to demonstrate a community demand for the music. Sixty bands were considered, mainly from the Vancouver area. Davies was looking for bands that not only were representative of the breadth of the local scene, but also wouldn't be lost in the caverns of the XIT.

"We looked through the community to find different expressions of the various aspects of the scene," she says, adding that the week of performers is supposed to show both the roots and the future of local alternative music.

What's the difference between B.T.O. and D.O.A.?

*B.T.O.'s not playing at Expo.
graffiti, Waldorf Hotel,
Vancouver, March 1986*



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THAT'S HOW RUMOURS GET STARTED. At first no one knew who was playing or not playing. Then names started to surface, becoming candidates for some prime muck smucking. D.O.A. was at the top of the list. Names of other bands with varying degrees of stated political awareness or involvement followed: Red Herring, Slow, Rhythm Mission and Bolero Lava, among others. And that's when the breakdown in communications between audience and acts hit like a wad of overchewed gum—hard and colourless. Instead of working together to ensure that local music would survive Expo, or trying to arrange alternatives to Expo that were affordable and entertaining, bulk of the conversations were busy trying to find out who was or was not playing. It became an issue for some audiences, who felt their support of, and shared assumptions with, local bands were being usurped by musical dreams of Expo sugarplums.

A case in point: D.O.A. has had a rough political time these past few months. First there was that rumoured interview in *Hustler*. Then came the rumour behind door number 2—that D.O.A. was going to play Expo. The gasps could be heard all the way to Clark and Frances. Expo management says D.O.A. was on the verge of signing, and then pulled out. D.O.A. management confirmed, at the time, that negotiations were going on with Expo. An inside source confirmed that the D.O.A. contract had been typed and was ready for the inking.

As for the boys in the band—hell, they were on tour, and returned to the questions of their friends and fans. Well? Are you going to play Expo?

Other bands had to deal with internal dissection and discussion before deciding what to do. 54-40, Rhythm Mission and Bolero Lava all wavered back and forth before deciding whether or not to follow that yellow brick road. The best rumours dealt with Slow, who were playing/not playing/broken up/signed to a major label or just waiting, depending on who you were drinking with.

Meanwhile, D.O.A. has joined the ranks of the Animal Slaves, Mecca Normal, Industrial Waste Banned and others who have publicly and politically stated that they will not play Expo.

The whole thing raises some nasty issues. Is compliance complicity? Or is it the time to take the Expo money and run? For some people this is the one chance to make good bucks and get some exposure. For others, it's nothing more than being slotted into a Social Credit re-election campaign. Is being in the back pocket of the beast the same as being in its belly?

Lillian Allen is a Toronto dub poet. When her name appeared as a Folklife performer many of her fans were angry. They felt her work opposed many of the values that Expo extolls, and that her performance did little more than justify those practices. But for her, performing at Expo was a little different than another bar gig, or getting Canada Council money.



*Down on your luck boys
An' out in the streets
Billy an' the Socreds are
laughing
Throwin' nickels at your feet
D.O.A.*

THERE IS STILL ONE THING THAT picks my ass about some bands playing at Expo. Singing politics is one thing, but for a number of the FIRA bands their politics and their music are closely linked. So I'm confused with bands doing double duty—playing benefit gigs for people like DERA (Slow), the Stein River Valley coalition (Bob's Your Uncle) and Poor People's Expo (Red Herring, the Zealots), and then playing Expo. Isn't it somewhat of a contradiction?

And if talk about those contradictions is making the rounds of the bars (and the wash-room walls) what kind of response will that engender in the audience?

Myra Davies is curious to see what the audience response to FIRA will be. The XIT has been home to a wide range of international acts, from Test Department to folk dancing to a Hong Kong T.V. show. It's a tough act for a local four-piece to follow.

"People come to this theatre to see the exotica, the different...it'll be a challenge for these people...to have an impact."

She is quick to place the responsibility for the success of FIRA in the lap of the fans.

"It's up the community to make something of it. I guess if they're as innovative as they say they are, they'll do something with it...I don't know how loyal their audiences are."

There is an alternative to all of this if you either can't afford or don't want to go to Expo. It's called C.I.R.A.C. (pronounced kerrack), and is the Canadian Independent Recording Artists in Concert. Co-organizer Jay Scott says while CIRAC is not intended as competition for FIRA, it is a good alternative to the \$20 Expo gate fee.

Over 30 bands from across Canada will perform at venues in Vancouver and Victoria from August 17 to August 30. Bands from Ottawa, Toronto, Halifax, London, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary will be teamed up with local bands to fill the venues. Jay sees CIRAC as strengthening an existing but weak network of venues and independent bands across the country. He hopes FIRA will give CIRAC a boost by highlighting local independent talent. "FIRA might help give us a higher profile...maybe translate some of the attention to local bands over the next three weeks."

IN HAWAII THERE IS THIS TOURIST pastime that overfed, greasy visitors like to indulge in. They stand on the edges of piers in the marinas, smoking cigars and sipping funny drinks with paper parasols and chunks of fruit in them. The big trick is to get the poor kids, who live on the streets, to dive into the water and chase after the nickels they throw in. They toss those nickels quite far out into the middle of the marina, between boats and other piers. Sometimes a big spender will come along and huck a quarter. It's a big joke, throwing a coin into the oily water and watching those kids dive into each other, fighting over a scrap of American metal. Maybe it reminds those coconut-oiled tourists of the workplace they left back home.

It reminds me of Expo, and what Expo has done to the local alternative community. Instead of sitting tight and working together to make sure we get through Expo, people are out there, diving for the nickels. And they are nickels—no quarters here. Just scraps from the big trough, tossed with all the finesse of a cigar smoking tourist. A little bit of local

culture to keep the locals amused, bring their friends in, those people who have been bad-mouthing Expo. Hey, we're progressive. We're into local culture. We like Skinny Puppy...

There's one thing I forgot to mention about those kids diving for nickels in Hawaii. When all those overfed tourists go to bed in their luxury condos, the kids from the streets come back out. This time, they have knives. And screwdrivers and wrenches and crowbars. And they can strip a car in minutes. They're especially good at big American cars—and not so bad on BMWs and Mercedes. There's big trade in stereos, cameras, traveller's cheques, passports and other tourist perishables. The nickel chasing just keeps the tourists entertained, keeps them thinking they have one up on the locals. It's the nighttime activity that pays the bills.

Keep that in mind.

Aug. 4:	2:30 20th Century 8:30 Slow 10:00 Poisoned
5:	3:00 Zealots 3:30 Rick Scott Band 8:30 Red Herring 10:00 Rick Scott Band
6:	8:00 Bolero Lava 10:00 Rhythm Mission
7:	8:00 I, Braineater 10:00 Bob's Your Uncle
8:	8:00 Brilliant Orange 10:30 Hunting Party
9:	9:00 Paul Dolden 10:30 Skinny Puppy
10:	8:30 4th Floor 10:00 Grapes of Wrath



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THE SUMMER AIR IS PIERCED BY cries of mimicked dolphins as London's Woodentops splash in Kits pool. For the two nights previous, it was the air of a couple of Vancouver's watering holes that was pierced, by chiming feedback and sweet, driving pop. Rolo—singer, songwriter, and guitarist—dives in.

"What we are is a mixture of punk ideals, hi-tech music, and dance-groove à la Kraftwerk, Suicide; all of those things put together and played on very simple instruments. It's very pounding and repetitive and schizophrenic; one minute it's seducing you and the next minute it's freaking you out. That's what we aim to do. On a good night, we can take you extremely high; on a bad night, you'll be thinking to yourself, 'this is quite funny, isn't it?' And that's what we try to be, amusing as well. We would like you to feel somehow drawn into what we're saying, rather than stand and brandish our fists at you and say 'fuckin' listen to this, this is it.' We don't do that."

They don't have to. Having just finished their first American tour—which started in Vancouver—there are plenty of people who are saying it for them. Even as you read this, their first LP, *Giant*, is being released here and in the States by CBS. Consider their humble beginnings only three years ago:

"We started off unable to play. If you'd heard our first rehearsals, you'd really laugh because it was just white noise, complete white noise, from one end to the other. We started doing small parties, and we got offered this concert at a club called Dingwall's, which you may have heard of because it is what they say is one of the legendary places in London. But when you get there, it's pretty tacky and seedy and just all about rhythm 'n' blues, really. Julian Cope from The Teardrop Explodes was in the audience and he invited us to go on a tour around the U.K. with him, which we did. And ever since then, our phone has been ringing constantly; we never had a chance to sit and watch the world go by, really, we've been so busy."

The Woodentops subsequently signed with Rough Trade, and released several excellent singles, two of which—"Move Me" and "Well Well Well"—were produced by Andy Partridge, under the pseudonym Animal Jesus:

"I can't tell you what he's like. I mean, when you speak to him, you think he's on acid or something all the time, but he's actually

straight. In his brain, he's just permanently psychedelic. We had this other producer, called the Mad Professor, who's a dub producer, and we were choosing maybe to go with him as well. But Andy just said, 'No, I'm doing it.' The way he said it convinced us immediately, and the next thing we knew we were in the studio with him ripping tape recorders apart. Some of the sounds that we got working with him were literally out of tape recorder vandalism. It was so funny and so exciting, and I'm really pleased with everything we ever did with him.

"We had had major record company contracts on a table and we were going through them like a pack of cards, trying to figure out what was best for us. And then, next thing we knew, Rough Trade had told everyone that they'd signed us. It was pretty obvious what we were gonna do. But we went around and met the WEAs, and all those people back in England, and they weren't very attractive. They're pretty much into the selling of their product. But round at Rough Trade, we had the chance to make four or five really off-the-cuff singles, with us mixing them ourselves if we wished, and so on. We had a lot of freedom, which I think is really important for any band. It's so competitive, but if you can find someone that is going to do the job for you and also let you grow up a little bit within your own art—i.e. mix it and make decisions yourself about the production and stuff, and choose who you want to work with—well, then Rough Trade was perfect for us, because we'd grown up relaying slowly. We say now, okay, we're ready, but it's been really nice taking our time about it. To be honest, I can't imagine being any more busy than we are anyway. If we were selling millions and millions of records, I'm sure it wouldn't be any different than it is at the moment. I get up early in the morning and my phone rings, and it's interviews pretty well the moment I get up."

CERTAINLY, THE WOODENTOPS haven't had much trouble getting attention from the press; they performed an utter upstaging of Vancouver's current raves, 54-40, the first night they played here. Their set coiled like a spring, finally exploding in a flurry of feedback and face-slapping drumming, with Rolo jamming his guitar into the monitor and pounding the mike stand into the stage. In their home country, though, they are probably better known for giving Morrissey of The Smiths a pack of exploding cigarettes:

"Oh, that's all bullshit! What that was, is there's a guy from *Melody Maker* who's trying to do an interview with us, and what we're being is, sort of sweet-minded, good-natured people. But the way he sees it is, well surely this band ought to be a rock 'n' roll band. We

were driving along a motorway with The Smiths, and we were overtaking them, and like kids, we were all waving and going 'hello!' because we're on a tour with them. As the car overtook, there was this bump in the road and the two cars went OOMPH! and swerved into each other at high speed. They didn't hit each other, but went near to it, and what we saw was The Smiths with a look of horror on their faces because they thought they were going to die. Morrissey turned around looking like he was going to die. So when this journalist was talking to us about why The Smiths wouldn't talk to us anymore—which was because of that incident—we said, well, it's really silly because it's not as if we'd gone and told them we'd put a bomb under the stage. And the journalist went, 'Aha! I can make a story out of this!' *New York Talk* phoned me up the other day, and the first thing the guy says to me is, oh yeah, we heard you tried to blow up The Smiths. I think that's a real shame, because that just goes to show that rock 'n' roll journalists are in a funny state, not really sure what to make of anything and finding it very difficult to choose from what's going around, and having to dirty everything they possibly can just to make some kind of story. They're always really disappointed with us because we seem so innocent or something."

INNOCENCE? NOT A QUALITY THAT one would ascribe to many rock 'n' roll bands these days, but those that could are generally not worth the effort. But watching them splash through the water, they seem childlike as well; there is something very real about this group. Rolo is clearly the leader, but at the same time, just a piece of the whole picture. There is an exuberance about them which extends from their music, and happily, their innocence doesn't get in the way. For example, let's let Rolo tell us about how "Good Thing" was mixed:

"What we did was, we took a short patch of the music and opened it out. If you listen to the 7", it starts out really sweet and soft. Then as it goes on, it gets more and more intense, and suddenly, it turns into this ball of white noise. When we were mixing it in the studio, the speakers couldn't take it because all the white noise and everything that we had in the mix, but had been saving for the end, was just pushed up so much that the drums and the bass just disappear. And for a second, all you can hear is, 'VVVVH.' As the fade-out starts, the drums and the bass come back in, because that's the level to which we'd pushed the guitars and keyboards up. The needles on the studio desk were really funny. When it came to the actual way the band is, we're basically white noise merchants; all of our pop music comes out of working this stuff into



some kind of shape. This is an intelligent process, I think. I really enjoy it, it's like panning for gold.

"We're not believers in long, drawn-out guitar solos, but if the guitarist can play, he might as well play. On some of the songs, Simon's guitar solos are continual feedback for about 20 minutes. The most obvious guitar solo in any of our music sounds more like Jango Reinhardt or something than rock guitar; it's more tasteful. When you really notice solo guitar, it's generally not in the rock 'n' roll fashion. Most of the rock 'n' roll is, in fact, coming from the keyboards, which are played through a sort of distortion pedal most of the time to get the right texture. We're seen as a guitar band, but the way we use guitar is, it weaves around the bassline and the repetitive, pulsing rhythm thing. And my singing just scoots over the whole lot, really.

"So many bands seem to like the idea of having a set they can trust. I think that if you can really trust what you're gonna do, then there isn't much excitement and imagination to be gained from it. I love it when things go wrong, basically. It's good fun. When we play, we're often laughing at each other because it's funny when things go wrong. I think all the really adolescent pleasures that make you wish to start a band are very very inherent in our group. After three years, they seem to be snowballing rather than going away, which is great.

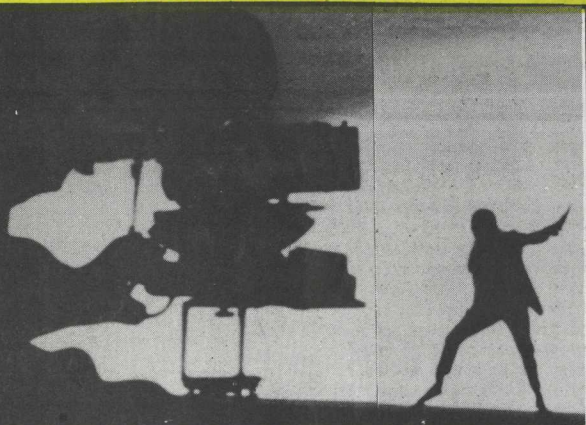
"I'd like to think that people could say that our music has been valuable and influenced other people. It would be nice if people left where we played feeling inspired in some way, in their own right. You know, people who are maybe toying with the idea of forming a band or something, or who see The Woodentops and see that it's so believable, that they could probably do what we're doing without much problem. We're not using all this gear that means you don't understand what we're doing; you can see what we're doing, it's really obvious what we're doing, and you know that you could do it. It just didn't occur to you to do it this way. I think our value, for the moment, is there. If it comes to what we would do with big bucks, well, then I think that we'd probably be useful with that as well. But at the moment, we don't make big bucks, so on a personal level, the best we can hope to do is to inspire people and to uplift them. We're doing that, so we know we're succeeding in that direction."

I don't think I need to tell you to watch out for this band, because they'll be much more visible next time around. Do, however, look out for the Adrian Sherwood remixes that are in the works, and if you missed The Woodentops this time, try not to fuck up like that again.

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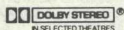
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Amoeba Quiche	T.O.
Sleepless	T.O.

SheepLook Up	London, Ontario
Cowboy Junkies	T.O.
Lone Stars	Halifax
October Game	Halifax
Vox Violins	Halifax
Fool's Crow	Winnipeg, Manitoba
Beach Mutants	Winnipeg

Stretch Marks	Winnipeg
Monuments Galore	Winnipeg
I.B.S.	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Active Joy	Saskatoon
SNFU	Edmonton, Alberta
Junior Gone Wild	Edmonton
Idyl Tea	Edmonton

Shadow Project	Edmonton
This Fear	Edmonton
Colour Me Psycho	Calgary, Alberta
NoMeansNo	Victoria
DOA	Vancouver
Bamff	Vancouver
Big Electric Cat	Vancouver



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BEHIND THE DIAL

Back From Beyond The Crypt It's ...OH GOD!...SHINDIG

JUST WHEN YOU thought it was safe to go out on Mondays, CTR is pulling the nastiest dirty trick of all time: getting out the shovel, removing six feet of wormy sod, and bringing the monster back to life.

Yes, folks, SHINDIG is back. A mite foul-smelling after those months underground, we admit, but that's nothing the blood of a few virgin bands won't cure.

Virgin bands?! What is this sickness, this depravity? All right, we'll be the first to admit that it isn't very nice to feed aspiring young musicians who have never faced the beast before to the music demon SHINDIG, but that's the way it's got to be. If we offer the

monster a band it's seen before, it'll get angry. And then we'll all be in trouble. Bands with previous record releases cause a similar reaction, so none of those either.

If you are in, or know of a band, that is thinking of entering SHINDIG, for god's sake, talk them out of it!... They may hate you now, but they'll thank you later, in November, when the previously innocent SHINDIG finalists are being turned into drooling, flesh-eating zombies by prizes of recording time and equipment. In November, the basement won't seem such a bad place to be.

And if you can't talk them out of it, have them contact Linda Scholten (a.k.a. The Black Princess of Powell Street) at 228-3017.

But don't say we sent you.

Doggy Debate Decided

THAT'S IT. No more. We've had enough of both pro and anti-Skinny Puppy Letters to the Airhead. This has to stop. Now.

To facilitate an armistice CTR presents Skinny Puppy with special guests Severed Heads, September 5 at the SUB Ballroom at UBC. All ages, sexes, factions and PACs (Puppy Action Committees) are welcome. Tickets are available at the usual outlets.

And please, no weapons.

...But CTR Lights Up Your Night

FROM *The Province*, July 22, 1986:

"Eric Sluis, 28, of Vancouver says: 'One great place I've found to meet single women in their early 20s is the UBC Pit Pub, especially on Wednesday evenings when CTR campus radio plays tunes.'"

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WEEKDAY REGULARS

- 7:30 am **Sign-On**
 8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT**.
 12:00 pm **HIGH PROFILE**
 1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 3:00 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
 5:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS**, **INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE**.
 4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

SOUNDTRAK

10:30-11:30 am
 Theatre-style radio incorporating the voice,

music, and other permutable sounds.
 Produced by ESI.

THE BLUES SHOW

8:00-9:00 pm
 Can blue men sing the whites? Join host Eric Von Schlippen to find out.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-12:30 am
 Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Album Features: 11:00 pm.

04 Aug. **Abdullah Ibrahim** at Montreux (1980). Ibrahim's Quintet was one of the hits of Europe's largest Jazz Festival. Listen to Ibrahim's *African Concepts* with Carlos Ward and trombone virtuoso Craig Harris.

11 Aug. **Miles Davis** *Kind of Blue*. A true "classic" recording and one that has influenced jazz for the last 25 years. Miles with John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Cannonball Adderley, etc.

18 Aug. **Pat Metheny and Ornette Coleman** *"Song X"*. Ornette's best outing in years with his new-found musical "soulmate" (Metheny).

25 Aug. By popular request a repeat of **Pete Johnson's Houseparty**. The great boogie-woogie and blues pianist with his special guests Ben Webster, J.C. Heard, "Hot Lips" Page, etc.

TUESDAYS

THE FOLK SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm
 Summer is rolling on quite nicely, really. This month sees a difficult choice facing CITR Folk Show host Steve Edge. Do I go to the Edmonton festival with Spirit of the West, or should it be Cropredy, U.K. for the annual

Fairport Convention reunion? No problem! Being stone broke and unemployed I'll have to stay here and improvise.

05 Aug. **Sweet Honey in the Rock**. Those silky voiced women from Washington D.C. were so good at the Vancouver festival. Why not have some more.

12 Aug. **Fairport** reunion time again. Cropredy reports and artists featured at that event, including **Dick Gaughan, Richard Thompson Band, Redgum, Brass Monkey** etc.

19 Aug. **Geoffrey Kelly of Spirit of the West** with a personal selection of folk music, plus reflections on life on the way to top!

26 Aug. The stars sing **Richard Thompson**. The great man is a superb songwriter, so here are the likes of **Sandy Denny, Albion Band, Elvis Costello, Any Trouble**, etc. to prove it.

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-11:00 pm
 A drop on the end of a needle reflects the world around it as well as a virgin's tear.

LOVE PEACE AND VIOLENCE

11:00 pm-1:00 am
 An earnest effort to resolve 7000 years of passion, sedation and empty threats (read civilization), featuring live sex, tape loops, simulated drug taking and lots of normal music. "Some things are so stupid that they must be done." E. Raoul
 This month featuring the return of the oblivious talents of **Eating Vomit Ltd.**

PLAYLOUD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am
 Where dreams go to die.
 "Today people seem to be trying rather too hard to give the impression that they are enjoying themselves. What if something were brooding beneath their feet?"

Paul Claudel

Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

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WEDNESDAYS

JUST LIKE WOMEN

5:15-6 pm

Tune in for 45 minutes of invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music. For anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

Catch the latest in African news and Music with Umerah Patrick Oukulu and Todd Langmuir. News at 8:30. Special feature weekly at 9:00. Onward-Harambe.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by (and anyone wearing floral baggy shorts). Featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S., and every 5 weeks a new episode of MUSIC FROM THE TAR PITS, an ode to early seventies recreational-substance rock. Regular guests include MOAMMAR K., the Prince of Wales and Lyndon Lerouche.

THURSDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

3:30-5:00 pm

Same place, same time, different hosts. Join Rock Action and Crusty Love for cool tunes and special guests and features.

COMPILATION COMPILATION

6:30-7:30 pm

The name says it all. Explore the rich and varied sound of the world of compilation tapes and albums, with your host Kawika.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

Screaming guitars, throbbing basses, pounding drums, pumping pianos and howling saxes: Top of the Bops has them all, and you can have them too!

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

If you haven't tuned in yet then you missed The Arts Club Memorial Blues Band playing live in the studio, and a lot of other way keen stuff. So stay up late one night a week to hear Patrick, Jay and Jerry interview local bands and highlight local music. Remember, no spitting or foul language, Pat's mother is listening.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

10:30-11:30 am

Join host Kirby Hill for interviews, features, and a taste of the exotic. The White Wolf lives!

POWER CHORD

3:30-5:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

5:30-8:00 pm

The summer replacement for the Saturday night P.J. Party. Mike Mines & Robin Razzell invite you to a world of bibulous pleasure via the newest psychedelic sounds from both sides of the pond. Just add ice and shake.

SOUL GALORE

8:00-9:30 pm

All the tearjerkers, all the hipshakers. From R&B to funk and especially soul. Join Fiona MacKay and Anne Devine and wear your soul shoes.

01 Aug. Male Gospel Groups—Dixie Hummingbirds, Mighty Clouds of Joy, Soul Stirrers and more.

08 Aug. Aretha Franklin—the high priestess of soul.

15 Aug. The Drifters—an hour of the pre-eminent vocal group of the 1950s.

22 Aug. Anne and Fiona's Vacation Special
29 Aug. TBA

THE BIG SHOW

9:30 pm-midnight

Elevate your BPMs with Robert Shea and Al Big. And shine your shoes, for God's sake.

THE VISITING PUNEOUS SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Now, finally, a reason to stay up past the BIG SHOW on Friday nights. Yes, Andreas Kitzmann and Steve Gibson dish out requests, new music, interviews and selfless egotism.

WEEKEND REGULARS

8:00 am **Sign-On**

Noon **BRUNCH REPORT**

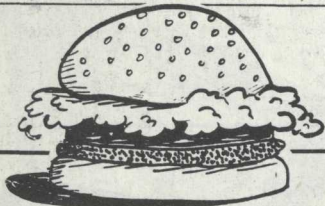
News, sports and weather.

6:00 pm **SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE**

News, sports and weather, plus **GENERIC REVIEW**, analysis of current affairs and special features.

4:00 am **Sign-Off**

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WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

EARLY MUSIC SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

Have breakfast to music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, played on strange and exotic instruments. With host Paul Smith.

NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm

A rundown of the newest, most exciting and insipid releases raked in during the week at CITR. Join music directors and charisma-leptic hosts Don Chow and Kevin Smith for an eclectic musical pig-out, with occasional interviews, live mixes, and peripheral relevance.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:00 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

09 Aug. Interview with **The Jazz Butchers**, 7 p.m.

16 Aug. High Profile: The SORDIDE SENTIMENTALE record label.

23 Aug. Interview with **Blixa Bargeld** of Einstürzende Neubauten, 8 p.m.

30 Aug. High Profile: **Front 242**

Drama: Starting on Aug. 9th, 7:20 p.m., a broadcast in four parts of the recording of

the hit Broadway play *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, a sharp-witted and funny story of a group of black American singers and bluesmen in 1930's-40's Chicago. Tune in to CITR for more details.

Features: Aug. 2, 16 & 30, Today In History, AEIOU—Polical humour by the Artists Educational Iconoclastic Organization (Un)Limited.

TUNES 'R' US

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music, Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon

Talk about opening a can of worms. The month-long concentraton on Canadian classical music has expanded to fill all available time. Special features will include the centennial opera *Louis Riel*, by Harry Somers and hopefully a listen to the music and words of some up-and-coming Vancouver composers. With your hosts Tyler Cutforth and Paul Smith.

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

The best in Roots, Rock, Reggae, DJ and Dub. With your hosts George Family Man Barrett, Collin Hepburn and Bruce James. 03 Aug. LP feature—**Michael Palmer Sweet**

Daddy

10 Aug. LP feature—**Nitty Gritty Turbo Charged**

17 Aug. **Byron Lee and the Dragonaires** Soca Music

24 Aug. **Bunny Wailer** in LA

31 Aug. LP feature **Echo/Minnot Lazy Body**

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK

3:00-6:00 pm

Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 1950s and 1960s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

7:00-9:00 pm

Hosts StuArt and Gunter S. Thompson bring you mostly locally recorded great, or soon to be great bands, in their purest form, LIVE! Technical expertise provided by Peter C.

03 Aug. **Jazzmanian Devils**

10 Aug. **Camper Van Beethoven**

17 Aug. **Echo & the Bunnymen**

24 Aug. **New Order**

31 Aug. **TBA (another great band)**

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

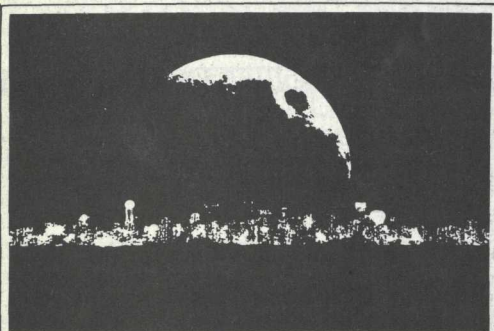
LIFE AFTER BED

1 am-4 am

The return of the nightmare from the people you're parents warned you about. Ugly radio has returned. Warn your avocados.

Floyd's Corner—Country and Western with Jeff G. Starts at 2:00 a.m.

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TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

54-40 RAMONES MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER HUSKER DU BEAT FARMERS CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN LET'S ACTIVE BUTTHOLE SURFERS VARIOUS ARTISTS MINUTEMEN TUXEDOMOON PETER GABRIEL THE WIPERS SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS SONIC YOUTH LAURIE ANDERSON SMACK CHRIS HOUSTON SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES ROBOTIKS	54-40 <i>Animal Boy</i> <i>Frenzy</i> <i>Candy Apple Grey</i> <i>Van Go</i> <i>II & III</i> <i>Big Plans for Everybody</i> <i>Rembrandt Pussy Horse</i> <i>Vhutemas Archetyp</i> <i>3 Way Tie For Last</i> <i>Ship of Fools</i> <i>So</i> <i>Land of the Lost</i> <i>Gun-Shy</i> <i>Evol</i> <i>Home of the Brave</i> <i>Rattlesnake Bite</i> <i>Hate Filled Man</i> <i>Tinderbox</i> <i>My Computer's Acting Strange!</i>	REPRISE/WEA SIRE/WEA RESTLESS WB/WEA CURB/MCA RGH. TRD. (US) I.R.S./MCA RRE SIDE EFFECTS SST RESTLESS GEFFEN/WEA RESTLESS WEA SST WB/WEA PINK DUST CAUCASIAN POLYGRAM ARIWA
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TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

THE WOODENTOPS BOLERO LAVA THE THE D.O.A. LOVE & ROCKETS	<i>Good Thing</i> <i>Move a Groove</i> <i>Sweet Bird of Truth</i> <i>Billy & the Socreds</i> <i>Kundalini Express</i>	ROUGH TRADE LAWAROCK SOME BIZARRE SUDDEN DEATH BGRS. BNQUT.
--	---	---

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VINYL VERDICT



Michel Lemieux Lemieux Polygram

"Romance for you is tried and tested
We don't want to be in love any more
You can see too much trouble in store
When sentiments start to complicate
You only want to make loooooove
without: *Romantic Complications...*"

AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFULLY SARCASTIC vocal swoon on "loooooove," you get the feeling that Monsieur Lemieux is taking a little swipe at the popular notions of "free love" that grew out of the late sixties (you know, loooooove with no ties, loooooove with no demands, loooooove with no obligations)—and, I suppose, in our present social climate of latent cynicism with respect to anything even hinting at permanence, such conservatism has a refreshing air of rebelliousness. Who would have thought it?

"Romantic Complications," which opens this debut album, is, without a doubt, the outstanding track. It's so good in fact, that we get three versions of it.

Michel Lemieux is a performance artist: one of those artists who attempt to integrate visual, musical, and theatrical elements into a unified whole. It's complicated business—both artistically and economically. For the most part, I think Lemieux has been successful as far as the art is concerned; which is to say that I don't think his work reflects any domination of one medium over another. They all balance and mesh with each other. Those who have seen his videos and live performances would probably agree with this. Of course, there is a problem with a multi-media performance: once it's put on vinyl you lose all the visual components, and, more often than not, the music suffers without them.

But Lemieux's music avoids this pitfall because it has a certain "autonomy," much the same way as Laurie Anderson's *Mister Heartbreak* LP sounds more musically "autonomous" than her earlier *Big Science*.

For Lemieux, this translates into music with

an infectious beat and superb vocals. It sounds like he pilfers a bit here and there from (not surprisingly) Laurie Anderson and (dare I say it) Malcolm McLaren. In fact, his music is like a cross between these two influences: the production is multi-faceted, crisp, and with a good thump—it's best heard loud and preferably close to a dance floor.

What actually bothers me about this debut is that for an album which has three versions of one song, it still only manages a scant 22 minutes of music; I wonder if it's worth it—even with a glossy fold-out cover. At least it has the virtue of not boring the listener; which in itself is a lot more than can be said of a lot of releases these days. Just by the way: Michel Lemieux is well worth catching live if you get the chance.

—Ralph Synning

The Smiths The Queen is Dead Rough Trade/Sire

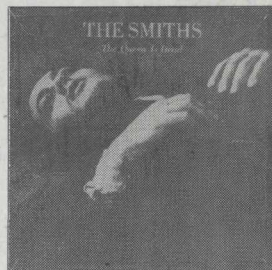
UNFORTUNATELY OR NOT, THE SMITHS are back (with their third album, that is). Well, superlatives usually fail when trying to describe them anyway. Huge expectations have been put upon the Smiths for this record and they haven't let down at all.

Johnny Marr's trademark guitar is of course, all there, but his talents as a writer/arranger/producer have broadened considerably. He and the band draw on and bring off a variety of musical styles including a straight rockabilly country tune ("Vicar in a Tutu"), a Northern English music hall style, working-class popular song ("Frankly, Mr. Shankly"), a beautiful lilting ballad in 6/8 time ("I Know It's Over") and more.

Morrissey shows that he is still one of the, if not the best lyricist in popular music, and even those who have in the past found him too "depressing" may find something to smile at. On the chaotic title song, about the decaying state of English society, Morrissey imagines: "her very Lowness with her head in a sling/I'm truly sorry—but it sounds like a wonderful thing." "Cemetery Gates" is a very bright song about "borrowing" lines from others (something which Morrissey freely does) encased in a story about visiting a cemetery and "gravely" reading tombstones: "A dreaded sunny day/So let's go where we're happy and I'll meet you at the cemetery gates/Keates and Yeates are on your side but you lose, 'cause Wilde is on mine."

The Smiths are masters at creating and conveying a mood within one song, as most powerfully expressed on "There is a Light and it Never Goes Out." Marr's string arrangement is exquisite, soaring and gushing over a classic Morrissey lyric: "And if a double-decker bus crashed into us/To die by your side, such a heavenly way to die...To die by your side, well the pleasure and the privilege is mine."

This is the Smiths in their element and



they're consistently there on this record—it's the essence of their appeal. If you ever (or always) feel maudlin or melancholy, then the Smiths are just the right thing.

—Mike Harding

My Dad Is Dead ...And He's Not Gonna Take It Any More

IT'S ONE OF THOSE MORNINGS. YOU'RE feeling all too much the effects of yet another broken promise to never drink that much again. What time did you get to bed? Four, or was it five in the a.m.? No matter—it's nine o'clock now and the phone is ringing.

One...two...five...eight...SHUT UP! I'm not going to answer you! eleven...twelHELLO!
"Hi. This is Wendy. Is my car ready yet?"
(Take a deep breath now.) "No. You have the wrong number."

"Sorry."

Stupid asshole. Oh well, try to get back to sleep.

Ten-thirty. One...two...seven...HELLO!

"So, you're up."

"No I'm not."

"Oh, a little testy today. What is it? Hang-over?"

"Yes. Does it show?" (asshole)

"What are you doing today?"

"Avoiding you and everyone who looks like you."

"Well, to hell with you."

"Good ideal!" (If you can't treat your friends like that, what good are they?)

No point in going back to bed now. The pattern for the day is set. Some day off this is. Only thing to do now is crack open a brown, light up a smoke and play *My Dad Is Dead* as loud as possible.

It is the experience of this reporter that the only sure cure for one of "those days" is this solo effort by Mark Edwards (titled *...And He's Not Going To Take It Any More*). This is not another too too clever attempt by art students to shock the world by using the word DEAD in their name. This is the truth. His dad is

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dead. Edwards has taken this fact, along with several instruments, into his studio to tell the world what it feels like.

The effect on the listener? No matter how low you personally may feel that day, you will find comfort in knowing there is still at least one person on the planet more depressed than you.

A warning to potential buyers of this work. This is not a dance record. It will not get your party hopping. It will not help you seduce your date. It will not make your plants grow. Played loudly enough, it could get you evicted. It will get your roommate out of the house when you want to be alone.

Listen to it from start to finish and you'll be ready to face the world again (or at least make coffee).

Is Mason on yet?

—Oral Dave

Spirit of the West

Tripping Up the Stairs

Stony Plain Records

TURN THE CLOCK BACK TO MAY 1985.

An ordinary midweek evening at the Railway Club. A frustrated aspiring DJ sits alone near the stage, his only hope of a slot on CTR is a Folk Show and all he has are two Richard Thompson LPs, a badly recorded tape of The Pogues, The Men They Couldn't Hang and some bloke called Christy Moore. On came Spirit of the West to blow away all the 9-to-5 office drudgery cobwebs and remind me of the folk rock explosion of the '70s when I'd spent many a similar intoxicated evening

in the North Staffordshire Poly Bar, listening to the likes of Fairport Convention and the JSD Band. So, Vancouver had its own excellent Celtic folk rock band...

Much has happened to them since then. Their first LP has just received its third pressing and they have blazed a happy trail from Vancouver Island to Winnipeg.

So now we have a follow-up to the debut LP. This time Paul 'Watney' Hyde, Payola\$ front man, has stepped in to do the production. It's a tough job trying to capture the band's infectious enthusiasm on vinyl, but he's built on all their strengths and the result is pretty good.

"Tripping Up the Stairs" is the name of the jig which opens the album as the intro to "An Honest Gamble" (which has been on the CTR spinlist for six months now), but it also seems to conjure up an appropriate image for this band. An upturned beer bottle and a broken guitar string would be a great motif; it is to their credit that whatever may go wrong on stage, they get through with a smile and a new way to present the song that makes you feel it was all planned that way.

The 10 songs are all original compositions, interspersed with the occasional traditional piece, and most are about such intrinsically British Columbian phenomena as the plight of evicted tenants, flooding in the Pemberton Valley, and the aromatic joys of life in a pulp mill town.

"Our Station" is about the Railway Club and features an insistent bodhran-driven beat and a wonderful chorus:

*Meet me tonight and I'll buy the first round
I know a little place that you might not have found*

It looks down on the city from the underground

This is our station in the heart of town.

"Room Without a View" tells the sorry tale of an elderly tenant evicted and forced to resort to the Food Bank as her only means of survival. "The Crawl" is the North Van drinking anthem and features some excellent bouzouki work from J. Knutson.

Other familiar songs for SOTW devotees are "The Mists of Crofton," about the Crofton pulp mill on Vancouver Island (with a great remix of a tin whistle solo by Geoffrey Kelly), "Rivers Rise," the B.C. annual flood song, and "Till the Cows Come Home," the lament of the trucker's wife.

My favourite track is "Homelands," which opens with one of the catchiest of all Irish jigs, "The Kesh Jig," and then recounts the problems of the Haida Indians faced with the prospect of having their last outpost of native forest torn away from them.

*We took their land, dilute their nation
Forced them on to reservations
Corporate interest won't stop there
Take the trees and leave this homeland bare.*

John Mann's voice, customarily forceful, is tastefully restrained here, and the "up" feeling of the jig adds to the subtle masking of this powerful song.

The new LP is released on August 8th by Stony Plain Records, backed by the considerable distribution power of RCA. With your help these guys won't need Gary Cristall's blessing...

—Steve Edge

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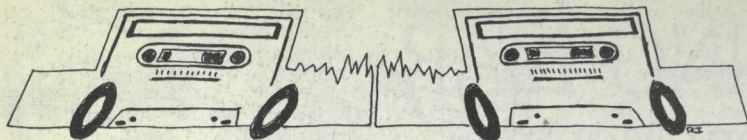
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DEMO DERBY

The Spores "Expo in B.C."

THIS IS A great takeoff of the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the UK." Unlike their companions on the *Expo Hurts Everyone 7*", Rhythm Activism, The Spore's new lyrics are hilarious and pointed. This is one of my favorite Expo songs—the best line: "Is this the PNE?"

A Merry Cow "Honey Don't"

"HONEY DON'T" is a great upbeat pop-song by one of Vancouver's better bands. This effort doesn't suffer from the bad production that its predecessor, "Look Around" does. The result? A better idea of how the female lead singer's voice is and how likeable A Merry Cow's sound is. If you get a chance, see them live.

Twenty Four Gone "Water"

"WATER" SOUNDS like it was heavily influenced by bands like the old Cure, but without keyboards and a slightly more positive outlook on life. This is not exactly curl-up-with-a-razor-blade music, but it isn't My-girl-wants-to-party-all-the-time either. Big heavy drums and big heavy basslines are the distinctive features of this song, which, frankly, I find quite boring.

This Fear

"Look Along the Edge"

MAYBE IF this band looked over, or better yet, jumped over the edge, this would be a better song. This fear sounds like my little brother, with a deeper voice, let loose on one of those huge department store organs, the kind with violins, a steady drumbeat, and lots of neat-o noises.

Rhythm Activism "Tyranosaurus Wrexpo"

IT'S LATE and I have a headache. This song didn't make me feel any better about Expo. In fact, it reminded me that the only place still open with a stock of 222s is Save-On Foods. Witty aphorisms about Expo begin and end with the title of this song. The rest of the lyrics are overcooked slogans shaken and baked into a theme of "Wrexpo" crushing everything in its path except for the rebels. I guess the song is meant to encourage prudential rebelliousness. Anyway, the song sounds a bit like the Residents with awful lyrics.

Industrial Waste Banned

"Paranoid? You Should Be"

WHILE I HAVE never particularly enjoyed IWB musically, I have always been very interested in what they have to say politically. That's why I didn't really like this track. I couldn't for the life of me make out what the band had to say. And I always thought the point of IWB was their lyrics.

Bruised and Stupid "Guns, Liquor, 24 Hours"

OKAY. NEVER judge a book by its cover, or a band by its name. I was expecting anything from demolition rock to hardcore, but "Guns, Liquor, 24 Hours" is melodic, with lots of sensitive guitar. I really like this song, but I think that it could be better if the production was cleaned up.

—Julia

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THE ROVING EAR

This Month from Montreal



RORY, ADJUSTING HIS TIE-DYED drawstrings, wants to go to Africa to live with a tribe that has no language. His proposal is greeted with rolling smiles. The late afternoon sunlight is licking red and green triangles across the kitchen walls. Leopold, black, white and shivering—scratches at the kitchen window.

"Roll another one," says David, "I'll let the little bugger in." Tom Waits continues his unshaven mutterings from the other side of the sink. A long sighing pause follows as we change postures, watching the rituals through watery eyes.

The old Portuguese gentleman is in his familiar position on the second floor balcony across the street, his beige hat over his forehead, a sausage cigar protruding from beneath the brim. An ample belly parts his black suspenders. "I say, gentlemen, but he looks more like a retired fisherman."

"Salute," he calls, rolling his cigar and exposing yellow teeth. We know he's Portuguese but are flattered to know he thinks we're Quebecers. On the balcony above his giggling grandsons peer down at us through a pair of binoculars. We poke out our tongues. David flashes a peace sign and we head for the park.

In the square the sun is setting. The leaves are back, swathing everything and everyone in green. Lady Di and Bill flutter in the wind, their grins frozen on the cover of *La Presse*. Around the empty fountain the games of sack are getting intense, cut-offs and tempers fray and screams of blasphemy punctuate the air. We lounge on a park bench, tapping two-toned toes to "The Harlem Shuffle" as it blasts from a passing Datsun, waiting for the night. The bums next door are loud, gesticulating crazily as they give us a swig of sweet, warm beer from a paper bag.

Of course, they want something in return. We give them some change. Rory doesn't think they're going to spend it on the Metro. We weren't either, so we rise and cross the grass to the corner store.

Down on St. Denis it's just warm enough to drink on the sidewalk. White legs and tables slow the evening pedestrians to a crawl. Now we're cruising, secretly blessing the inventor of gel, throwing sly glances at the femmes fatales posed around their glasses and ashtrays. Into the Saint Sulpice, black and smokey, a sea of stares and earrings bordered by mirrors on three sides and a curving bar on the other.

"Too cool to breathe," snickers Rory as we grope for a table. "The first round's on me." Our voices join in the babble, calling to be heard above the bass beat that makes the furniture tremble and send the bottles dancing across the table top.

Beers later, up the stairs and back into the fresh darkness of the street, swallowed by the carnivorous night and its streetlamp fangs.

"Hashshsh, coke, acid," hisses a rocker from a murky pose astride a bench. From his glaring eyes to the staggering traffic and south, towards the river and the brick and neon of hookerland.

"Why do I get the feeling," I wonder out loud, one foot after the other, head wandering, "sometimes, that we are few who notice?" The dubious replies are lost in the evening din.

Les Foufounes Electriques is a loud and angry disco which sits above a street of strip clubs and diners. We enter through an alley, crumbling door frames and cigarette butts held together by a dark scaffolding of fire escapes. It is black in atmosphere, the stairs are steep, boots are in and the paintings glow their horrific grins. From the open windows

comes Vancouver: "got, to, assimilate, got, to, annihilate." My dictionary of Quebecois slang tells me that "foufoune" means "buttock." We start to wiggle ours, diving into the spasmodic dancefloor and daring, now and then, to exchange smiles.

Enter unannounced the smoked-meat cowboy, the Montreal cop, blue-bellied and suspicious, an open-holstered Colt threatening from a generous hip. He is, like all of us, ignored.

"Onward, onward," bleats Rory, and down we go, pushing past the propositions along the interminable sidewalk they call St. Catherine. We find the stranded auto and pile in, fumbling among the nameless cassettes as the engine rises to its wobbly feet. I manage to find the Stooges and jam it in the deck—"I've been dirt...But I don't care...I've been hurt...But I don't care..."

"Off with that crap," screeches Rory, "let's try and get the same station as the dude next door." The dude eyes us, checks his look in the rear-view and turns her up.

Left and left again, around the one-ways and up a hurtling strip, away from the intoxicating fervour of downtown. Suburbia is sleepy, dark and quiet, rows of dreaming terrace houses in the moonlight. We find an all-night bagel joint, a corridor of fluorescent light where the post-disco crowd is putting off sleep over cigarettes and tea. Our hairstyles and eyelids are drooping.

"The time has come," decides David, "to speak of many things." We try, but fatigue is winning.

In the still apartment the night must end snuggled beneath a mountain of quilts with the window open just a crack. My mind is full of catchy tunes and flashing lights, washed away by sleep, warm and painless.

—Scott Steedman

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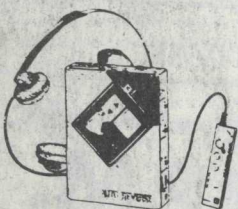


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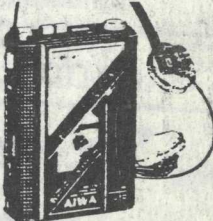


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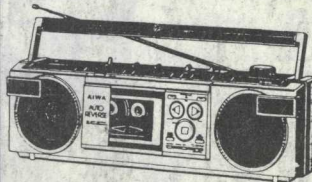


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